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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,  
WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

VII. COINNEACH A BHLAIR, or KENNETH OF THE BATTLE, was served heir to his father, at Dingwall, in 1488. He secured the cognomen "of the battle" from the distinguished part he took in the battle of Park already mentioned, fought during his father's lifetime, in the neighbourhood of Kinellan. His father was far advanced in years before Kenneth married, and arriving at the age of twenty, Alexander thought it prudent, with the view to establish and strengthen his peace with John of Isla, to match Kenneth, his heir and successor, with Isla's daughter Margaret, and so extinguish their ancient feuds for ever in that alliance. The Island chief willingly consented, and the marriage was not long afterwards solemnised in 1480. John, Isla's eldest son, soon after this came to Ross, and feeling himself more secure in consequence of this alliance, took possession of Balcony House and the adjacent lands, where, at the following Christmas, he provided a great feast for his old dependants, inviting to it most of the more powerful chiefs and barons north of the Spey, and among others, his brother-in-law Kenneth Mackenzie. The House of Balcony was at the time very much out of repair, so that he could not conveniently lodge all his distinguished guests within it. He therefore had to arrange some of them in the outhouses as best he could. Kenneth did not arrive until Christmas eve, accompanied by a train of followers numbering forty men, in accordance with the custom of the times. An official of the name of Maclean had the chief charge of the arrangements in the house. Some days previously he had a disagreement with Kenneth at some games, and on his arrival, Maclean, who had the disposal of the guests, told the heir of Kintail that, in consequence of his connection with the family, they had taken the liberty to provide him with lodgings in the kiln. Kenneth considered himself thus insulted, the more especially as he imagined the slight proceeded from Maclean's ill-will towards him, and Kenneth who was exceedingly powerful, instantly struck him a blow on the ear, which threw him to the ground. The servants in the house viewed this as an insult

directed against their Chief, Macdonald, and at once took to their arms. Kenneth though bold enough soon perceived that he had no chance to fight them successfully, or even to beat a retreat, and noticing some boats lying on the shore, which had been provided for the transport of the guests, he took as many of them as he required, sank the rest, and passed with his followers to the opposite shore, where he remained for the night. He took up his quarters in the house of a tenant "who haid no syrnamm but a patronimick;" and Kenneth, boiling with passion, was sorely affronted at being from his own house on Christmas, staying with a stranger, and off his own property. He, in these circumstances, requested his guest to adopt the name of Mackenzie, promising him protection in future, that he might thus be able to say he slept under the roof of one of his own name. His host at once consented, and his posterity were ever after known as Mackenzies. Next morning (Christmas day) Kenneth went to the hill above Chanonry, and sent word to the Bishop, who was at the time enjoying his Christmas with others of his clergy, that he desired to speak to him. The Bishop, knowing his man's temper, and the turbulent state of the times, thought it prudent to meet the young chieftain, though he considered it very strange to receive such a message, on such a day, from such a quarter, and wondered what could be the object of his visitor. He soon found that young Mackenzie simply wanted a feu of the small piece of land on which was situated the house in which he lodged the previous night, and stated his reason to be, "lest Macdonald should brag that he had forced him on Christmas eve to lodge at another man's discretion, and not on his own heritage." The Bishop, willing to oblige him, and afraid to do otherwise, perceiving him in such a rage, at once sent for his clerk and there and then granted him a charter of the township of Cullicudden, whereupon Kenneth returned to the place, and remained in it all day, lording over it as his own property. The place was kept by him and his successors until Colin acquired more of the Bishop's lands in the neighbourhood, and afterwards exchanged the whole with the Sheriff of Cromarty for lands in Strathpeffer.

Next day Kenneth started for Kinellan, where the old Chief, Alexander, resided, and related what had taken place. His father was sorely grieved, for he well knew that the smallest difference between the families would revive their old grievances, and, although there was less danger since Macdonald's interest in Ross was smaller than in the past, yet he knew the Clan to be a powerful one still, even more so than his own, in their number of able-bodied warriors; but these considerations, strongly impressed upon the son by the experienced and aged father, only added fuel to the fire in Kenneth's bosom, which was already fiercely burning to revenge the insult offered him by Macdonald's servants. His natural impetuosity could ill brook any such insult, and he considered himself wronged to such an extent that he felt it his duty to retaliate, and personally revenge it. While this was the state of his mind, matters were suddenly brought to a crisis by the arrival, on the fourth day, of a messenger from Macdonald with a summons requesting Alexander and Kenneth to remove from Kinellan, with all their family, within twenty-four hours, allowing only that the young Lady Margaret, his own sister, might remain until she had more leisure to remove, and threatening war to the knife in case

of non-compliance. Kenneth's rage can easily be imagined, and without consulting his father or waiting for his counsel, he requested the messenger to tell Macdonald that his father would remain where he was in spite of him and all his power. For himself he was to receive no rules for his staying or going, but he would be sure enough to hear of him wherever he was; and as for his (Macdonald's) sister, Lady Margaret, since he had no desire to keep further peace with the brother, he would no longer keep the sister. Such was the defiant message sent to young Macdonald, and immediately after receipt thereof, Kenneth despatched Lady Margaret in the most ignominious manner to Balnagown. The lady was blind of an eye, and to insult her brother to the highest pitch, he sent her mounted on a one-eyed horse, accompanied by a one-eyed servant, followed by a one-eyed dog. She had only a short time before borne him a son, and being still in a delicate state, this inhumanity grieved the poor lady so much that she never after wholly recovered her health. Her son, and the only issue of the marriage, was also named Kenneth, and to distinguish him from his father he was called Coinneach Og, or Kenneth the younger.

It appears that Kenneth had no great affection for the Lady Margaret, for a few days after he sent her away he went to Lord Lovat's country, accompanied by two hundred of his followers, and besieged his house. Lovat was naturally much surprised at such conduct, and demanded an explanation, when he was coolly told by Kenneth that he came to demand his daughter Anne, or Agnes, in marriage now that he had no wife, having, as he told him, disposed of the other in the manner already described. He demanded a favourable answer to his suit without further deliberation, on which condition he would be on strict terms of friendship with her family; but if his demand was refused, he would swear mortal enmity against Lovat and his house. And as evidence of his intention in this respect, he pointed out to his Lordship that he already had a party of his men outside gathering together the men, women, and goods that were nearest in the vicinity, all of whom should "be made one fyne to evidence his resolution." Lovat had no particularly friendly feelings towards Macdonald of the Isles, and was not at all indisposed to procure Mackenzie's friendship on such terms, and considering the exigencies and danger of his retainers, and knowing full well the bold and determined character of the man he had to deal with, he therefore consented to the proposed alliance, provided the young lady herself was favourable. She fortunately proved submissive. Lord Lovat delivered her up to her suitor, who immediately returned home with her, and ever after they lived together as husband and wife.\*

Macdonald was naturally very much exasperated by Kenneth's defiant answer to himself, and the repeated insults heaped upon his sister, and, through her, upon all her family. He thereupon despatched his great steward, Maclean, to collect his followers in the Isles, as also to advise and request the aid of his nearest relations on the mainland, such as the Macdonalds of Moidart, and Clann Ian of Ardnamurchan. In a short time they mustered a force between them of about fifteen hundred men,

\* History of the Family of Fraser and Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

and arranged with Macdonald to meet him at Contin, for they assumed that Alexander Mackenzie, now so aged, would not have gone to Kintail, but would stay in Ross, judging that the Macdonalds, so recently come under obligations to their King to keep the peace, would not venture to collect their forces and invade the low country. But Kenneth, foreseeing the danger from the rebellious temper of his brother-in-law, went to Kintail on the commencement of Macdonald's preparations, and placed a strong garrison in the Castle of Ellandonnan, with sufficient provisions; and the cattle and other goods in the district he ordered to be driven and taken to the most remote hills and secret places. He took all the remaining able-bodied men along with him, and on his way back to Kinellan he was joined by his dependants in Strathconan, Strathgarve, and other glens in the Braes of Ross, fully determined to defend him and his aged father at the cost of their lives, small as their united force was in comparison with that against which they would soon have to contend.

Macdonald had meanwhile collected his supporters, and at the head of a large body of Western Highlanders, advanced through Lochaber into Badenoch, where he was joined by the Clan Chattan; marched to Inverness, where they were joined by the young Laird of Kilravock and some of Lovat's people, reduced the Castle (which was then a Royal fortress), placed a garrison in it, and proceeding to the north-east, plundered the lands of Sir Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty. They next marched westward to the district of Strathconan, ravaging the lands of the Mackenzies as they proceeded, and putting the inhabitants and more immediate retainers of the family to the sword—resolutely determined to punish Mackenzie for his ill treatment of Lady Margaret, and recover possession of that part of the Earldom of Ross so long possessed by the Earls of that name, but now the property of Mackenzie by Royal charter from the King. Macdonald wasted Strathconan, and arrived at Contin on Sunday morning, where he found the people in great terror and confusion; and the able-bodied men having already joined Mackenzie, the aged, the women, and the children took refuge in the church, thinking themselves secure within its precincts from an enemy professing Christianity, but they soon, to their horror, found themselves mistaken, Macdonald having little or no scruples on the score of religion. He ordered the doors to be closed and guarded, and set fire to the building. The priest, helpless and aged men, women, and children were burnt to ashes, not a single soul escaping.

This sacriligious and cruel act has been confused with the diabolical burning of the Church of Cille-Christ by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, at a later date, and of which hereafter. Some of those who were fortunate enough not to have been in the church immediately started for Kinellan, and informed Mackenzie of the hideous and cruel conduct of the advancing enemy. Alexander was sorely grieved in his old age at the cruel destruction of his people, but expressed his gratitude that the enemy, whom he had hitherto considered too numerous to contend with successfully, had now engaged God against them, by their impious and execrable conduct. Contin was not far from Kinellan, and Macdonald, thinking that Mackenzie would not remain there with such a comparatively small force, ordered his uncle, Gillespick, to draw up his followers to the large



moor known as *Blar na Paire*, that he might review them, and send out a detachment to pursue Mackenzie. Kenneth Mackenzie, who commanded, posted his men in a strong position, on ground where he thought he could defend himself against a superior force, and conveniently situated to attack the enemy if he saw a favourable opportunity. His followers only amounted to six hundred, while his opponent had nearly three times that number; but he had the advantage in another respect, inasmuch as he had sufficient provisions for a much longer period than Macdonald could possibly procure for his larger force, the country people having driven their cattle and all provender that might be of service to the enemy out of his reach. About mid-day the Islesmen were drawn up on the moor, about a quarter of a mile from the position occupied by Kenneth, their forces only separated from each other by a peat moss, full of deep pits and deceitful bogs. Kenneth, fearing a siege, shortly before this prevailed upon his aged father to retire to the Raven's Rock, above Strathpeffer, to which place, strong and easily defended, he resolved to follow him in case he was compelled to retreat before the numerically superior host of his enemy. This the venerable Alexander did, recommending his son to the assistance and protection of a Higher Power, at the same time assuring him of success, notwithstanding the superior force of his adversary. By the nature of the ground, Kenneth perceived that Macdonald could not bring all his forces to the attack at once. He courageously determined to maintain his ground, and adopted a strategy which he correctly calculated would mislead his opponent, and place him at a serious disadvantage. He acquainted his brother Duncan with his resolution and plans, and sent him off, before the struggle commenced, with a body of archers to be placed in ambush, while he determined to cross the peat bog and attack Macdonald in front with the main body, intending to retreat as soon as his adversary returned the attack, and so entice the Islesmen to pursue him. He advised Duncan of his intention to retreat, and commanded him to be in readiness with his close body of archers to fall down and charge the enemy when they got fairly into the moss, and entangled among its pits and bogs. Having made all these preliminary arrangements, he boldly marched to meet the foe, leading his resolute band in the direction of the intervening moss. Macdonald seeing him, in derision, called his uncle Gillespick to see "Mackenzie's impudent madness, daring thus to face him at such disadvantage." Gillespick being a more experienced general than his youthful but bold nephew, said "that such extraordinary boldness should be met by more extraordinary wariness in us, lest we fall into unexpected inconvenience." Macdonald, in a furious rage, replied to this wise counsel, "Go you also and join with them, and it will not need our care nor move the least fear in my followers." Meanwhile, Mackenzie advanced a little beyond the moss, avoiding, from his intimate knowledge of it, all the dangerous pits and bogs, when Maclean of Lochbuy, who led the van of the enemy's army, advanced and charged him with great fury. Mackenzie, according to his pre-arranged plan, at once retreated, but so masterly that in so doing he inflicted "as much damage upon the enemy as he received." The Islesmen soon got entangled in the moss, and Duncan observing this, rushed forth from his ambush and furiously attacked

the Macdonalds in flank and rear, slaughtering most of those who entered the bog. He then turned round upon the main body, who were taken unprepared. Kenneth seeing this, charged with his main body, who were all well instructed in their Chief's design, and before the enemy were able to form in order of battle, he fell on their right flank with such furious impetuosity, and did such execution amongst them, that they were compelled to fall back in confusion before the splendid onset of the small force which they had so recently sneered at and despised. Gillespick, stung at his nephew's taunt before the engagement commenced, to prove to him that "though he was wary in counsel, he was not fearful in action," sought out Mackenzie, that he might engage him in single combat, and followed by some of his bravest followers, he with signal valour did great execution among his opponents as he was approaching Kenneth, who was in the hottest of the fight; and who, seeing Gillespick coming in his direction, advanced to meet him, killing, wounding, or scattering any of the enemy that came between them. He made a signal to Gillespick to advance and meet him in single combat; but finding him hesitating, Kenneth, who far exceeded him in strength, while he equalled him in courage, would "brook no tedious debate, but pressing on with fearful eagerness, he at one blow cut off Gillespick's arm and past very far into his body, so that he fell down dead."

Just at this moment Kenneth noticed his standard-bearer, in his immediate neighbourhood, without his colours, and fighting desperately to his own hand. He turned round upon him and angrily asked what had become of his colours, when he was coolly answered, "I left Macdonald's standard-bearer, quite unashamed of himself, and without the slightest concern for those of his own Chief, carefully guarding mine." Kenneth naturally demanded an explanation of such an extraordinary state of matters, when Donald coolly informed him that they (the standard-bearers) happened to meet in the conflict, when he was fortunate enough to slay his opponent; that he had thrust the staff of his own standard through the other's body; and as there appeared to be some good work to be done among the enemy, he had left his other attendants to guard the standard, and devoted himself to do what little he could in aid of his master, and to protect him from his adversaries. Macdonald himself had now been taken prisoner, and Maclean of Lochbui (*Lachlainn Mac Thearlaich*) was killed by Duncan Mor, Mackenzie's "great scallag," or ploughman. What remained of the Macdonalds were completely routed and put to flight, but most of them were killed, "quarter being no ordinary complement in those days."

The night before the battle young Brodie of Brodie, accompanied by the accustomed train of retainers, was on a visit at Kenellan, and as he was preparing to leave the next morning he noticed Mackenzie's men in arms, whereupon he asked if the enemy were known to be so near that for a certainty they would fight before night. Being informed that they were close at hand, he determined to wait, in spite of Kenneth's persuasion that he should not, and take a part in the battle, saying "that he was an ill fellow and worse neighbour that would leave his friend at such a time." He took a distinguished part in the battle, and behaved "to the advantage of his friend and notable loss of his

enemy," and the Earl of Cromartie informs us that immediately after the battle he went on his journey. But his conduct produced a friendship between the Mackenzies and the family of Brodie, which continued between their posterity, "and ever yet remains betwixt them, being more sacredly observed than the ties of affinity and consanguinity amongst most others," and a bond of manrent was entered into between the families. Some authorities assert that young Brodie was slain, but of this no early writer makes any mention; and neither in Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, in the Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies, nor Brown's History of the Highland Clans, is there any mention made of his having been killed, though all refer to the distinguished part he took in the battle.

Next morning, Kenneth, fearing that those few who escaped might rally among the hills, and commit cruelties and spoliations on those of his people who might lie in their way, marched to Strathconan, where he found, as he expected, that about three hundred of the enemy had rallied and were destroying everything in their path which they may have passed over in their eastward march; as soon, however, as they noticed him in pursuit they instantly took to their heels, but were all killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Alexander, son of Gillespie killed by Kenneth at the Battle of Park on the previous day. Kenneth now returned to Kinellan, conveying Alexander in triumph, where he had left Macdonald under guard. His aged father, old Alastair Ionraic, had now returned from the Raven's Rock, and warmly embraced his valiant son—congratulated him upon his splendid victory over such a numerically superior force; but, knowingly, and with some complaining emphasis, told his son that "he feared they made two days' work of one," since, by sparing Macdonald and his now apparent heir, Alexander of Lochalsh, they preserved the lives of those who might yet give them trouble. But Kenneth, though a lion in the field, could not, from any such prudential consideration, be induced to commit such a cowardly and inhuman act as was here inferred. He, however, had no great faith in his more immediate followers if an opportunity occurred to them, so he sent Macdonald, under strong guard, to Lord Lovat, to be kept by him in safety until Kenneth advised him how to dispose of him. He kept Alexander of Lochalsh with himself, but contrary to all the expectations of their friends, he, on the intercession of old John of Isla, released them both within six months, having first bound them by oath and honour never to molest him or his, and never again to claim any right to the Earldom of Ross, which Alexander of the Isles had formerly so fully resigned to the King.

Many of the Macdonalds and their followers who escaped from the field of battle perished in the River Conon. Flying from the close pursuit of the victorious Mackenzies, they took the river, which in some parts was very deep, wherever they came up to it, and were drowned. Rushing to cross at Moy, they met an old woman—still smarting under the insults and spoliations inflicted on her and on her neighbours when the Macdonalds were going north—and they asked her, "Where was the best ford on the river?" "Oh! dear," answered she, "it is all one ford together; though it looks black it is not at all deep" (*Oh! Ghaolaich, is aon ath an abhuinn; ged tha i dubh cha'n eil i domhain*). In their pitiful

plight, and on the strength of this misleading information, they rushed into the water in hundreds, and were immediately carried away by the stream, many of them clutching at the shrubs and bushes which overhung the banks of the river, and crying pitifully for assistance. This amazon and her lady friends had meanwhile procured their sickles, and now exerted themselves in cutting away the bushes on which the wretched Macdonalds hung with a death grasp, the old woman exclaiming, in each case, as she applied her sickle, "As you have taken so much already, which did not belong to you, my friend, you can take that into the bargain." This instrument of the old lady's revenge has been for many generations, and we are informed still is, by very old people in the district, called *Cailleach na Maigh*, or the old wife of Moy. The victors then proceeded to ravage the lands of Ardmeanach and those belonging to William Munro of Foulis—the former because the young Baron of Kilravock, whose father was governor of that district, had assisted the other party; the latter probably because Munro, who joined neither party, was suspected secretly of favouring Lochalsh. So many excesses were committed at this time by the Mackenzies that the Earl of Huntly, Lieutenant of the North, was compelled, notwithstanding their services in repelling the invasion of the Macdonalds, to act against them as oppressors of the lieges.\*

A blacksmith, known as Glaishean Gow or *Gobha*, one of Lovat's people, in whose father's house Agnes Fraser, Mackenzie's wife, was fostered, hearing of the Macdonalds' advance to the Mackenzie territory, started with a few followers in the direction of Conan, but arrived too late to take part in the battle. They were, however, in time to meet those few who managed to ford or swim the river, and killed every one of them, so that they found an opportunity "to do more service than if they had been at it." There is another anecdote related in connection with this contest which is worth preserving. A raw, ungainly, but powerful-looking youth from Kintail was seen looking about as they were starting to meet the enemy, in an apparently stupid manner, as if looking for something. He ultimately fell in with an old, big, rusty battle-axe, set off after the others, and arrived at the scene of strife as the combatants were closing with each other. Duncan (for such was his name) from his stupid and ungainly appearance was taken little notice of, and was going about in an aimless, vacant, half-idiotic manner. Hector Roy noticing him, asked him why he was not taking part in the fight and supporting his Chief and clan? Duncan replied, "*Mar a faigh mi miabh duine, cha dean mi gnìomh duine*" (Unless I get a man's esteem, I shall not perform a man's work). This was in reference to his not having been provided with a proper weapon. Hector answered him, "*Deansa gnìomh duine's gheibh thu miabh duine*" (Perform a man's work and you will receive a man's share). Duncan at once rushed into the strife, exclaiming, "*Buille mhor bho chul mo laimhe, 's ceum leatha, am fear nach teich romham, teicheam roimhe*" (A heavy stroke from the back of my hand (arm) and a step to (enforce) it. He who does not get out of my way, let me get out of his). Duncan soon killed a man, and drawing the body aside he coolly sat upon it. Hector

\* Gregory, p. 57. Kilravock Writs, p. 170, and Acts of Council.

Roy noticing this extraordinary proceeding, as he was passing by in the heat of the contest, accosted Duncan, and asked him why he was not still engaged with his comrades. Duncan answered, "*Mar a faigh mi ach miabh aon duine cha dean mi ach gnìomh aon duine*" (If I only get one man's due I shall only do one man's work. I have killed my man). Hector told him to perform two men's work and that he would get two men's reward. Duncan returned again to the field of carnage, killed another, pulled his body away, placed it on the top of the first, and sat upon the two. The same question was again asked, and the same answer given, "I have killed two men, and earned two men's wages." Hector answered, "Do your best, and we shall not be reckoning with you." Duncan instantly replied, "*Am fear nach biodh ag cunntadh rium cha bhithinn a cunntadh vis*" (He that would not reckon with me I would not reckon with him), and rushed into the thickest of the battle, where he mowed down the enemy with his rusty battle-axe like grass, so much so that Lachlan MacThearlaich, a most redoubtable warrior, placed himself in Duncan's way to check him in his murderous career. The heroes met in mortal strife, but MacThearlaich being a very powerful man, clad in mail, and well versed in arms, Duncan could make no impression on him, but being lighter and more active than his heavily mailed opponent, he managed to defend himself, watching his opportunity, and retreating backwards until he arrived at a ditch, where his opponent, thinking he had him fixed, made a desperate stroke at him, which Duncan parried, and at the same time jumped backwards across the ditch. MacThearlaich, to catch his enemy, made a furious plunge with his weapon, but it instead got fixed in the opposite bank of the ditch, and in withdrawing it he bent his head forward, when the helmet, rising, exposed the back of his neck, upon which Duncan's battle-axe descended with the velocity of lightning, and such terrific force as to sever MacThearlaich's head from his body. This, it is said, was the turning point in the struggle, for the Macdonalds, seeing the brave leader of their van falling, at once retreated and gave all up for lost. The hero was ever afterwards known as "*Donnchadh Mor na Tuaighe*," or Big Duncan of the Axe; and many a story is told in Kintail and Gairloch of the many other prodigies of valour which he performed in the after contests of the Mackenzies and the Macraes against their common enemies.

This insurrection cost the Macdonalds the Lordship of the Isles, as others had previously cost them the Earldom of Ross. At a Parliament held in Edinburgh in 1493, the possessions of the Lord of the Isles were declared to be forfeited to the Crown. In the following January the aged Earl appeared before King James IV., and made a voluntary surrender of everything, after which he remained for several years in the King's household as a Court pensioner. By Act of the Lords of Council in 1492, Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty obtained restitution for himself and his tenants for the depredations committed by Macdonald and his followers.\*

\* According to the Kilravock papers, p. 162, the spoil amounted to "600 cows and oxen, each worth 13s 4d; 80 horses, each worth 26s 8d; 1000 sheep, each worth 2s; 200 swine, each worth 3s; with plenishing to the value of £300; and also 500 bolls of victual and £300 of the mails of the Sheriff's lands."

Shortly after this, Kenneth's father having arrived at a great age, died, and was buried at Beaulieu, in the new aisle built by Kenneth during his father's lifetime, on the north side of the altar. His first wife, the Lady Margaret, also died in the same year, overwhelmed with grief, misfortune, ill-treatment, and her brother's fate—now a prisoner in the hands of her unfaithful husband—leaving Kenneth with her only son, Kenneth Og, only a few years old. The Earl of Cromartie, to whose MS. History we are largely indebted for these details, says, "Kenneth raised great fears in his neighbours by his temper and power, by which he had overturned so great an interest as that of Macdonald, yet it appearit that he did not proceed to such attempts but on just resentments and rational grounds; for during his life he not only protected the country by his power, but he caryed so that non was esteemed a better neighbour to his freinds nor a juster maister to his dependers. In that one thing of his caryadge to his first wife he is justly reprovabale; in all things else he merits justly to be numbered amongst the best of our Scots patriots. . . . The fight at Blairnapark put Mackenzie in great respect thorough all the North. The Earl of Huntly, George, who was the second Earle, did contract a friendship with him, and when he was imployed by King James 3d to assist him against the conspirators in the South, Kenneth came with 500 men to him in Summer 1488; but erre they came the lengthe of Perth, Mackenzie had notice of his father Alexander's death, whereupon Huntly caused him retire to ordor his affaires, least his old enemies might tack advantage on such a change, and Huntly judgeing that they wer rather too numerous than weak for the conspirators, by which occasion he (Kenneth) was absent from that vnfortunat battl wher King James 3d wes kild, yet evir after this, Earl George, and his son Alexander, the 3d Earl of Huntly, kept a great kyndness to Kenneth and his successors. From the yeir 1489 the kingdom vnder King James 4d wes at great peace and therby Mackenzie tooock opportunity to settle his privat affaires, which for many yeirs befor, yea, severall ages, had bein almost still disturbed by the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Illes, and so he lived in peace and good correspondences with his neighbours till the yeir 1491, for in the moneth of February that yeir he died and wes buried at Bewlie. All his predecessors wer buried at Icolmkill [except his father], as wer most of the considerable cheiffs in the Highlands. But this Kenneth, after his marriage, kept frequent devotiones with the Convent of Bewlie, and at his owin desyre wes buried ther, in the ille on the north syd of the alter, which wes built by himselfe in his lyf tyme or he died; after that he done pennance for his irregular marieing of Lovit's daughter. He procured recommendationes from Thomas Hay, Bishop of Ross, to Pope Alexander the 6, from whom he procured a legittmatione of all the cheildrein of the mariadge, daited apud St Petri, papatus nostri primo, anno Cristiano 1491."\*

Kenneth of Kintail, who was knighted by James IV. "for being highly instrumental in reducing his fierce countrymen to the blessings of a civilized life," was twice married; first, as we have seen, to Lady Margaret, daughter of John of Isla, by whom he had one son, Kenneth Og; and

\* This is corroborated by Anderson's Account of the Family of Fraser, where we are told that "Application was made to the Pope to sanction the second marriage, which he did, anno 1491."



secondly, to Agnes or Anne Fraser, daughter of Hugh, third Lord Lovat, by whom he had four sons—John, who succeeded Kenneth Og as Baron of Kintail; Alexander, the first of the family of Davochmaluag; Roderick, who was killed at Flodden, and was the progenitor of the families of Achilty, Fairburn, Ardross, Tollie, &c.; and Mr Kenneth, better known as "the Priest of Avoch," and from whom descended the families of Suddie, Ord, Corryvulzie, Highfield, Inverlaur, Little Findon, Scatwell, and others of lesser note. By the second marriage he had two daughters—Agnes, who married Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, who afterwards sent her away charging her with infidelity; and secondly, Catharine, who married Hector Munro of Fowlis.

Of Roderick, who was an exceedingly powerful man, the following story is told:—He was a man of great strength and stature, and in a quarrel which took place between him and Dingwall of Kildun, he killed him, and "that night abode with his wife." Complaint was made to King James the Fifth, who compelled Kenneth Mackenzie to give Rorie up to justice. He, however, denied the whole affair, and in the absence of positive proof, the judges declined to convict him; but the King, quite persuaded of his guilt, ordered him to be sent a prisoner to the Bass Rock, with strict injunctions to have him kept in chains. This order was obeyed, and Rorie's hands and legs were much pained and cut with the irons. The governor had unpleasant feuds with one of his neighbours, which occasioned several encounters and skirmishes between their servants, who came in repeatedly with wounds and bruises. Rorie noticing this to occur frequently, said to one of them, "Would to God that the laird would take me with him, and I should then be worth my meat to him and serve for better use than I do with these chains." This was communicated to the governor, who sent for Rorie and asked him if he would fight well for him. "If I do not that," said he, "let me hang in these chains." He then took his solemn oath that he would not run away, and the governor ordered the servants to set about curing Rorie's wounds with ointments. He soon found himself in a good condition to fight, and an opportunity was not long delayed. The governor met his adversary accompanied by his prisoner, who fought to admiration, exhibiting great courage and enormous strength. He soon routed the enemy, and the governor became so enamoured of him that he was never after out of his company whenever he could secretly have him unknown to the Court. About this time an Italian came to Edinburgh, who challenged the whole nation to a wrestling match for a large sum of money. One or two grappled with him, but he disposed of them so easily that no one else could be found to engage him. The King was much annoyed at this, and expressed himself strongly in favour of any one who would defeat the Italian, promising to give him a suitable reward. The governor of the Rock having heard of this, thought it an excellent opportunity for his prisoner to secure his liberty, and at the same time redeem the credit of the nation, and he informed the King that a prisoner committed to the Bass by his Majesty if released of his irons would, in his opinion, match the Italian. The King immediately answered, "His liberty, with reward, shall he have if he do so." The governor, so as not to expose his own intimate relations with and treatment of the prisoner, warily asked that time should be allowed to cure him

of his wounds, lest his own crime and Rorie's previous liberty should become known. When sufficient time had elapsed for this purpose a day was appointed, and the governor brought Rorie to Holyrood House to meet the King, who enquired if he "would undertake to cast the Italian for his liberty?" "Yea, sir," answered Rorie, "it will be a hard task that I will not undertake for that; but, sir, it may be, it will not be so easy to perform as to undertake, yet I shall give him a fair trial." "Well," said the King, "how many days will you have to fit yourself?" "Not an hour," replied Rorie. His Majesty was so pleased with his resolution that he immediately sent to the Italian to ask if he would accept the challenge at once. He who had won so many victories so easily already did not hesitate to grapple with Rorie, having no fear as to the result. Five lists were prepared. The Italian was first on the ground, and seeing Rorie approaching him, without any of the usual dress and accoutrements, dressed in his rude habit, laughed loudly. But no sooner was he in the Highlander's clutches than the Italian was on his knee. The King cried with joy; the Italian alleged foul play, and made other and frivolous excuses, but His Majesty was so glad of the apparent advantage in his favour that he was unwilling to expose Rorie to a second hazard. This did not suit the Highlander at all, and he called out, "No, no, sir; let him try him again, for now I think I know his strength." His Majesty hearing this, consented, and in the second encounter Rorie laid firm hold of the foreigner, pulled him towards him with all his might, breaking his back, and disjuncting the back bone. The poor fellow fell to the ground groaning with pain, and died two days after. The King, delighted with Rorie's prowess, requested him to remain at Court, but this he refused, excusing himself on the ground that his long imprisonment quite unfitted him for a Court life, but if it pleased his Majesty he would send him his son, who was better fitted to serve him. He was provided with money and suitable clothing by Royal command. The King requested him to hasten his son to Court, which he accordingly did. This son was named Murdoch, and His Majesty became so fond of him that he always retained him about his person, and granted him, as an earnest of greater things to follow, the lands of Fairburn, Moy, and others adjoining; but Murdoch being unfortunately absent from the Court when the King died, he missed much more which his Majesty had designed for him.

There is also a good anecdote told of Kenneth, the fourth son, which is well worth recording:—He was Chaunter of Ross, and perpetual Curate of Coeirbents, which vicarage he afterwards resigned into the hands of Pope Paulus in favour of the Priory of Beaulieu. Though a priest and in holy orders he would not abstain from marriage, for which cause the Bishop decided to have him deposed. On the appointed day for his trial he had his brother Rorie at Chanonry, where the trial was to take place, with a number of his followers. Kenneth presented himself before the Bishop in his long gown, but under it he had a two-edged sword, and drawing near his Lordship, who sat in his presiding chair, he whispered in his ear, "It is best that you should let me alone, for my brother Rorie is in the churchyard with many ill men, and if you take off my orders he will take off your head, and I myself will not be your best friend," and then coolly exposed his "pen-knife," as he called his great

sword," which sight, with Rorie's proximity, and being a person whose character was well enough known by his Lordship, he was so terrified that he incontinently absolved and vindicate the good Chaunter, who ever after enjoyed his office (and his wife) unchallenged." \*

There has been a considerable difference of opinion among the family genealogists as to the date of Sir Kenneth's death, but there is now little doubt that he died in 1491, having only ruled as actual Chief for the short space of three years. This is clearly proved from his tomb in the Priory of Beaulieu, where there is a full length recumbent effigy of him, in full armour, with arms folded across his chest as if in prayer, and on the arch over it is the following inscription :—" Jacet, Kennethus Mackenzie, Dominus de Kintaille, qui obit, 7th die Februarii, Anno 1491." Mr William Fraser, in his history of the "Earls of Cromartie," gives, in his genealogy of the Mackenzies of Kintail, the date of his death as "circa 1506," and disposes of his successor Kenneth Og altogether. This is incomprehensible to readers of the work ; for in the book itself, in various places, it is indubitably established that Mr Fraser's genealogy is untrustworthy in this, as well as in many other instances. There is no doubt whatever that Sir Kenneth "of the Battle" was succeeded by his only son, Kenneth Og, by his first wife, Margaret of Isla.

(To be Continued.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—We are glad to see this old and patriotic parent of all our Celtic Societies still exhibiting such signs of youthful vitality and vigour as evinced by the following attractive syllabus for the present session :—On the 13th February, Dr Charles Mackay, on "The Gaelic Origin and meaning of many English Patronymics" ; 13th March, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on "Some of the things Gaelic-speaking Highlanders are at present called on to do" ; 10th April, Dr Roderick Macdonald, on "The Poems of Ossian" ; 8th May, Mr Donald Campbell, "A Gaelic rendering of the Centenary Speeches" (at the time reported in the *Celtic Magazine*) ; 12th June, Mr J. W. Campbell-Fraser, M.A., on "Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald" ; 9th October, Mr R. G. Tolmie, on "Scotland in the 12th century, Introduction of Feudalism" ; on 13th November, Mr John R. Macdonald, on "Proper Names." The usual Highland ball, under the direction of the Society, takes place on the 5th instant.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, by the Editor of this Magazine, greatly enlarged, with additional Prophecies ; and with an Appendix of 66 pages by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., on "Highland Superstition, Druids, Fairies, Witchcraft, Second-Sight, Hallowe'en, Sacred Wells and Lochs, and other Peculiar Practices and Beliefs, with several Curious Instances," has just been published by A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of this Magazine.

\* The Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies ; and MS. Genealogy of the Mackenzies of Ord, for which we are indebted to the present head of the family, Thomas Mackenzie, the direct descendant of this Kenneth.

## THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

BY WILLIAM ALLAN.

—o—

[CONCLUDED.]

## IX.

Right well Maclean had read her heart,  
The maid was anxious to depart ;  
Her earnest gratitude of soul,  
O'erpowering rushed beyond control ;  
She sobbing bade them all adieu !  
And from the Castle slowly drew.  
Young Hector lightsome led the way,  
Where in the cove the galley lay ;  
Then as a gallant courtier lord,  
He placed the weeping maid on board.  
With skilful hands he plied the oars,  
And shot beyond the sheltering shores ;  
Then hoisted up the broad, brown sail,  
Which filled unto the gentle gale—  
With favouring tide and favouring wind,  
Grey Duart soon was left behind.  
Right merrily the boat sped on,  
And felt they now they were alone.  
They spoke ! 'neath Hector's voice the maid  
The hidden mystery obeyed—  
Her world, erst fair, seemed fairer now,  
Her eyes beheld life's heaven below ;  
And yielding to the conqueror's sway,  
They pledged eternal love that day.—  
There is a music in the sea,  
An everlasting melody,  
An earnest chant of throbbing love,  
An echo of God's voice above,  
Which gives unto our hearts the peace  
That bids our mutual loves increase.  
The little dancing waves rejoice  
To hear a maiden's love-fraught voice ;  
They leap with frenzied mirth and glee,  
As fall her vows of constancy,  
And fain their foamy crests would bless,  
Affection's sacred, primal kiss.—  
They sang with joy when Hector brave,  
His heart unto the maiden gave ;  
They leapt with smiles on every crest,  
To hear the maiden's vow expressed.

With hand in hand, eye fixt on eye,  
The lovers kissed, and seemed to die  
'Neath the enraptured bliss divine,  
That springs when Love's great fountains join.  
They neared Kerrera's rocky shore,  
And round its northern headland bore ;  
Swift for Dunolly's curving bay,  
The galley bounded on its way.  
They saw upon the glistening sand  
One solitary warrior stand,  
Who marked Maclean's dread banner fly  
Upon the nodding mast on high—  
A whistle loud and shrill he blew,  
Then from the cliffs Macdougalls flew ;  
But ere they bent a single bow,  
He spied his daughter on the prow ;  
His hatred wilder, fiercer rose,  
To mark her 'mid his deadly foes.  
Ere slid the galley on the sand,  
Hector beheld the threatening band,  
Then lowered his sail, and seized the oar,  
And slowly neared the dreaded shore.  
One word of love he gave the maid,  
Whose gestures all their vengeance stayed ;  
One look of hope beamed in her eye,  
Which seemed to say " I all defy !"  
Impatient now his child to free,  
The chieftain rushed into the sea :  
Before the keel had touched the sand,  
He grasped again his daughter's hand,  
Then in his frenzied, powerful arm,  
He bore ashore her living form.  
Hector he saw, and darkly flung  
A scowl of hate from vengeance wrung,  
Bold, standing with an oar in hand,  
Before Macdougall's joyous band ;  
He forced th' unwilling boat astern,  
And sadly could his love discern  
Amid the throng of clansmen wild,  
With joy at finding thus their child.  
Remembering their hateful foe,  
They ceased their cries and from each bow  
They sent a shower of darts that fell  
Harmless into the ocean's swell.  
Far o'er the sea on southern tack,  
Hector with wistful eye looked back—  
A ceaseless longing o'er him stole,  
A darkness settled on his soul.  
The brightness of the moon had fled,  
And left him gloomy fears instead,

The dawn-rise of Love's cheering ray  
 Had vanished all too soon away,  
 The golden links which hope impart  
 Seemed tightening round his lonely heart,  
 And as he neared his native shore  
 One burning wish alone it bore.  
 Maclean received with joy his son,  
 As if a victory he had won ;  
 But Hector's heart was far away,  
 His Duart's charms seemed to decay—  
 Unrest's remorseless, cruel ban,  
 Had made him now an altered man.  
 He sought the shores in darkest night,  
 And ne'er returned till morning's light.  
 They watched, but none his paths could name,  
 Of how he went, or whence he came.  
 Ah ! in his skiff he stole away  
 Across the Sound to Oban's bay,  
 Where, by King Fingal's rugged stone,  
 Macdougall's maid he met alone—  
 Renewed their vows, re-pledged their faith,  
 And kissed unswerving love till death.

## X.

Not all a daughter's love assuaged the hate  
 That in Macdougall's bosom burned elate,  
 Not all her soft expostulations sweet  
 Could the dread demon of revenge defeat ;  
 Unmoved, and coldly calm he heard her prayer,  
 For well he knew that Hector was her care.  
 His trusty warder oft in midnight hour  
 Saw two mysterious forms beneath the tower,  
 And oft of late had heard the sound of oars  
 Receding in the darkness from the shores.  
 To crush her love, to overcome his foe,  
 His clansmen nightly watched the beach below ;  
 And when they heard her Hector's parting song,\*  
 They swiftly stole by secret paths along,  
 And rushed upon the youth, whose ready blade  
 Gleamed but an instant, and their onslaught stayed—  
 With sudden swoop, and straight-delivered thrust,  
 Three warriors fell before him in the dust.  
 His light steel shield with cunning motion flashed,  
 And on its front their blows descending crashed.  
 Forward ! and forward still they pressed combined,  
 Struck but one blow, and, wounded, reeled behind ;  
 On every hand his sword appeared to see  
 The covert cuts of dark ferocity,

\* See First Canto.



And instantly its ready guard essayed  
To foil each stroke that fell and notched its blade.  
Around him lay, in groaning, helpless rows,  
The prostrate forms of his remorseless foes :  
Some glared revenge ; some cursed with dying breath ;  
Some strove to strike him in the throes of death ;  
Some drew their dirks in anguish of despair,  
Upraised their arms, and, dying, struck the air ;  
Some tore, in agony, while life remained,  
The clotted grass their own life-blood had stained.  
Unwounded all, the youth unconquered stood,  
Starred with the red drops of his foemen's blood ;  
Fired with the madness springing from defeat,  
They blindly rushed, and struck, but to retreat.  
Then forward stood amid the stiffening slain,  
Macdougall's Chief, who fiercely hissed " Maclean ! "  
Awed by their Chief, the clansmen ceased to fight,  
And viewed the combat with intense delight.  
Revenge imbued his unaffected powers,  
His blows descended on the youth in showers,  
Who stood unwavering, and the onset foiled—  
Yea, smote the Chief, who, wounded, back recoiled.  
Implacable, and heedless of his wound,  
He rushed on Hector with a sudden bound,  
Whose sword hand, swol'n with conflict, filled the hilt,  
And now, for once, he weakening Nature felt.  
While raged the strife, loud from the cliffs above  
A cry arose of agony and love :  
The watching clansmen gazed in wild dismay :  
Down from each crag, upon her headlong way,  
Macdougall's daughter rushed, with frantic cries,  
As Hector, wounded, fell no more to rise.  
Swift through the silent horde she madly fled,  
Oblivious to the dying and the dead ;  
And stooped o'er Hector, who, with fitful breath,  
Smiled still his love, and whispered low " In death ! "  
Upon his dripping blade Macdougall leant,  
As o'er the youth his weeping daughter bent,  
Who kissed his blood-stained lips, and wildly cried  
" Cursed is the blade that pierced my Hector's side ! "  
Then strangely gazed around, below, above !  
And falling, died upon her only love.  
Macdougall gazed, nor thought his daughter dead ;  
Then stooping, gently raised her lovely head :  
Her cold, pale face, too truly told the tale,  
Then burst a father's deep, heart-rending wail.  
Her eyes were closed, and silent now her tongue ;  
Bright on her pallid cheeks her last tears clung,  
The gentle hands, which oft had stroked his brow,  
Clenched in their death-grasp Hector's bosom now ;

The lips which oft had sung in joyous mood,  
 Bore the red imprint of his trickling blood.  
 With groans of terror, anguish, pain, and grief,  
 The clansmen gathered round their stricken Chief,  
 Who gazed in silence on his daughter's corse,  
 While o'er her fell his tears of deep remorse.  
 "Warriors!" he cried, "Behold my daughter—dead!  
 No more around us will her light be shed:  
 Heaven wars with me; oh! that I had but felt  
 The depth of love that in her bosom dwelt.  
 Here let the lovers lie, no more to part,  
 In dust united, slumbering heart to heart;  
 'Neath Fingal's stone let them be gently laid,  
 To rest for ever in its storied shade.  
 In coming years the warriors of our race  
 Will stand uncovered o'er their resting place,  
 And breathe the tale of how Macdougall's maid  
 Loved unto death, and, dying, love obeyed.  
 The mighty stone, untouched by time, will tell,  
 In voiceless, whisperings, 'Here Hector fell!'"  
 With folded arms, in stern and lowering mood,  
 Macdougall's Chieftain meditative stood;  
 While trembling, weeping, clansmen dug the grave  
 For all he loved, and for her Hector brave.  
 No song of woe burst from the anguished crowd.  
 When both were laid within their earthy shroud;  
 They placed with care the reddened sods above,  
 And all was hid from eyes of grief and love.—  
 The Chief in dreamy silence strode away,  
 Unto unutterable woe a prey.  
 Revenge and Hate had from his bosom fled,  
 He longed for love, but all of love was dead.  
 No joy or peace within his halls remained,  
 To Hell's unrest he felt for ever chained;  
 While Conscience, with red-burning beak and claws,  
 Devoured the heart which broke its Maker's laws.  
 E'en coming foes, led on by Scotland's King,\*  
 Stirred not his soul, nor could war's pleasure bring—  
 His sword was sheathed, his path was towards the tomb,  
 And Brander's battle pealed Dunolly's Doom!

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

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**THE HIGHLAND ECHO**, like the *Glasgow Highlander* and the *Highland Pioneer*, has already succumbed. Glasgow, where there are so many public-spirited Highlanders to be found, is, that of all others, the place where one would think a Celtic newspaper ought to succeed; but the robust and independent energy necessary to attain this object has hitherto been sought in vain. What has become of the *Gael*? Has it also breathed its last?

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\* Bruce.

## THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

WHEN Eachainn had finished the last story, he left Gillespie to himself—who was now fast recovering under the kind treatment of *Somhairle Dubh* and his excellent wife. The host was in the Gauger's room, as often as he could, relating such stories as he knew; and thus enabled the patient to pass away the time more agreeably. I heard several of them, but the one about the *Each Uisg*, or the Water Horse, is the only one I can at present remember. *Somhairle Dubh* related it thus:—

When I was a little boy, I would sit for hours by the kitchen fire, listening to my grandfather, who used to while away the long winter evenings by telling us stories about witches and warlocks, ghosts and fairies, of which he had an inexhaustible stock. A very favourite one with me was the tale of the *Each Uisg*, or the Water Horse, a fearful demon in the likeness of a big, black horse, who inhabited Loch-Dorch, and woe to any one who ventured near the loch after night-fall; for the *Each Uisg* was always on the watch, and would rise out of the water, seize any intruders, and drag them to the bottom, to be devoured by him at his leisure. Sometimes he would assume other shapes, and try to lure people away to the water. One Hallowe'en night there was a party of young people gathered round the fire in the house of Duncan the weaver, burning nuts and ducking for apples, when Duncan's daughter, bonnie Catriana, proposed to go and dip her sleeve in the burn, to try if her sweetheart was true. None of her companions would go, for fear of the *Each Uisg*, and tried in vain to dissuade Catriana from her venturesome purpose, but laughing at their fears, she threw her plaid over her head, and ran off to the burn.

In a little they were startled by hearing a loud wailing shriek, and fearing some accident had happened to their favourite Catriana, rushed out of the house to look after her, but no trace could they find of the poor, wilful lassie. Her father and the lads were searching the whole night, and at the dawn of day they found her plaid at the side of the dreaded Loch-Dorch, and near it, in the clay, the mark of an unearthly hoof, which proved, beyond doubt, that she had fallen a victim to the monster water-horse.

Then there was young Allan MacSheumais, who, coming home in the dusk, after spending the day hunting the deer, heard a tramping sound which he soon found to proceed from the water-horse, which he could see rapidly galloping up to him. Poor Allan, though in a dreadful fright, did not lose his presence of mind, and knowing full well that ordinary shot would have no effect upon the demon, he rapidly loaded his gun with a small, crooked silver sixpence—that blessed metal from a cup of which the Saviour drank his last draught on earth—and exclaiming,

"The cross be betwixt me and thee," fired with a steady aim, while the cold sweat stood on his brow.

The *Each Uisg* gave one yelling neigh, so shrill, so dismal, and unearthly, that the cattle which had lain down to rest on the heath started up in terror; the dogs of the hamlet heard it, and, ceasing their gambols, ran cowering and trembling to the fireside; the roosted cock heard it, and essayed to crow, but could only scream. Never will those who heard that terrific cry forget it; but it had scarcely ceased ere the demon steed had sprung into the midst of Loch-Dorch, and as the water closed over him, a sound, as of a sarcastic, unearthly laugh, was heard from the middle of the loch, and then all was silent.

Yet notwithstanding all this, Lachlan Buachaille, the cow-herd, who was a wild, reckless fellow, would never believe the stories he heard about this dreadful being, and laughingly suggested that Allan had only been frightened by Rorie Mor's *gearran* broken loose from his tether; and bragged that he had never seen the *Each Uisg*, although he had lived for some years near the Raven's Peak, close to the haunted loch.

"And would ye wish to see him?" asked old Janet, as he sat by her fireside one evening; "would ye really wish to see that fearsome thing, Lachlan?"

"May I never taste oatcake or whisky again!" said Lachlan impetuously, "but I wish to see the beast, if there's one in it, and the sooner the better."

It was a gusty, rainy autumn night. Lachlan sat alone in his bothie, busily employed in twisting his oat straw *shiaman*, humming to himself, and listening to the sound of the torrent as it dashed over the rocks, the pattering of the heavy rain, and the sheughs of the north-west wind, moaning as it passed along, all of which only served to increase his sense of comfort as he drew his three-legged stool nearer to the bright peat fire.

He was just thinking of retiring for the night, when he heard a gentle knocking at the door. "Who is there at this time of night?" asked he, to which a feeble voice replied, "I am a poor old woman who lost my way this wild night; pray let me in, or I shall perish with cold and fatigue." Lachlan muttered anything but blessings on the old body's head for thus disturbing him, for he had a particular objection to old women. "Bad luck to her; were it a young one, or even an old man, I should not care," he grumbled; "but an old hag to come sorning on me, as I was about to step into my quiet bed." Then raising his voice, he said, "Wait, wait, carlin, I'll be with you directly, let me wind up my *shiaman* first; the *Diabhl* take you, have more patience, and don't keep croaking there with your ill-omened voice;" and, unfastening the latch, he continued, "There, enter now, and curses on you." However, with all his roughness, Lachlan was not a bad-natured fellow, and regretted his inhospitality, when he saw stepping in a poor, wretched, little, old woman, bent double with age and misery; she wore a dun cloak drawn tightly round her figure, with a kind of red hood attached to it, marked with strange characters, which quite covered her head, and shaded her face. She gave no salutation, good or bad, and as she crawled rather than walked up to the fire, it emitted a vivid spark, which hissed as it fell on the dripping clothes of the old dame; a hen on the roost

crowded discordantly, and a little mouse poked its head out of a hole and squeaked loudly. The old woman, noticing this, gave a queer kind of laugh, so grating in its sound that Lachlan turned quickly round and stared at her; but she met his gaze sharply, and with a peculiarity of expression which Lachlan felt, without knowing why, to be very unpleasant.

"Old dame," said he, "will you take something?"

"No," she gruffly replied.

"There's a little left of the bread and fish I had for supper," said Lachlan.

"I always have plenty of fish," answered she, sharply.

"Perhaps you like flesh better?"

"Yes," she replied, in the same uncivil manner, while a strange, sneering smile flickered round her lips.

"Will you have anything to drink then?" continued Lachlan.

"No," abruptly answered the carlin.

"What! woman; nothing to eat or drink! Then I suppose you have had your supper, but it must have been with the Fairies, for I warrant you could have got none elsewhere between this and Beinn-ard, and that is a good twelve miles off."

"Perhaps," muttered the old hag.

"Perhaps what, *cailleach*?" questioned Lachlan; and, after a pause, finding she gave no answer, "Perhaps! I am afraid, you will catch cold, unless you throw off those wet clothes; and though I have no woman's gear, you can have my great-coat, and I can spare you a blanket besides."

"I need none of your coats or blankets," answered the crone, in the same ungracious tones as before, "for water can never hurt *me*."

"Leeze me on the hag," said Lachlan to himself, "but she is easily maintained at any rate, and yet I would rather have a more expensive and social guest."

The fire burned down, and Lachlan, as he occasionally glanced at the old *cailleach*, sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, could not help thinking that there was something repulsive, if not uncanny, about her altogether. There was a strange restlessness in her manner; her hard, dark eyes seemed to look everywhere and nowhere at the same time; while she sat rocking backwards and forwards over the ashes, and her long, crooked fingers twitched about her dun cloak in an odd and unpleasant manner. Lachlan threw another peat on the fire, and, by the reviving light, he thought the carlin's eye had acquired a wilder and sterner expression, while a grim smile played round the corners of her ugly mouth. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, she seemed to have really grown larger in stature and more erect since he first saw her. Rousing himself, he kicked off his boots, lay down on his bed, which was only a few steps from the fire, and settled himself down to repose for the night.

Lachlan, however, could not sleep, and turned from one side to another, courting in vain the drowsy god. Glancing at his unwelcome visitor, he saw, with a feeling akin to dread, the old creature sitting more and more erect; and, rubbing his eyes, as if he felt that he was under the influence of a dream, he was exceedingly startled to find that it was no delusion, but that she was really growing, as it were, rapidly larger and sterner,

under his very eyes. "Hout! carlin," he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow, "you are waxing large."

To which she replied in a hollow voice, "*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlath*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!).

Getting very drowsy, Lachlan again lay down to sleep, but presently was disturbed by the mouse running out of the hole in the wall, and running squeaking into and across his bed, almost touching his chin. He again raised himself on his elbow, was struck with the increased proportions of the strange hag, and again exclaimed, "Hout, carlin! you are getting larger!"

She again replied, but in a louder and harsher tone than before, "*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlath*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!).

The fire was now nearly out, the light growing gradually less, and Lachlan became more and more sleepy. At length he began to snore gently, when all at once a spark flew out of the fire and alighted smartingly on his face. Irritated by the stinging sensation, he started, and opened his eyes, and became thoroughly roused by again hearing the old hen on the cross beam above him giving a most discordant crow, though the cock uttered not a sound. He sat upright in his bed, and, in the gloom, dimly saw the stranger's figure extended to fearfully gigantic proportions, while her eyes no longer retained a trace of human expression, but glared upon him with preternatural brilliance and malignity.

It was now with a feeling as if his blood were ice, as if his flesh had been turned into creeping and crawling things, and as if his hair all stood on end, that Lachlan, in a tone which fear rendered nearly inaudible, said for the third time, "Indeed and indeed, carlin, but you have waxed very large!"

"*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlath*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!), shrieked the demon in a voice so terrible that it actually frightened the very ravens in the neighbouring rocks, who flew croaking away. "*Umph, umph omhagraich 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlath*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth); and the fearful creature stood erect. She gave a horrible laugh, a snort, and a neigh of terrific sound, while the features of the hag underwent a still more appalling change. The dark-grey locks that had peeped from under her red hood, now waved a snaky mane. On the forehead of the monster was a star-like mark of bright scarlet, quivering like burning fire; the nostrils breathed, as it were, flame, whilst the eyes flashed on poor Lachlan like lightning.

His knees smote together with terror, he saw that his hour was come, and that the fearful creature, the idea of whose existence he had laughed to scorn, now stood before him. He felt that at last he did indeed behold the *Each Uisg*.

Quicker than thought Lachlan found himself snatched up in the jaws of the monster. The door flew open of itself, and at one bound the steed of Ifrinn was on the top of the dizzy precipice—the Raven's Peak. At another he dashed down the torrent fall of Rowan Linn. The cold spray of the cascade falling on his face, now for the first time recalled



Lachlan to consciousness ; and as the demon gave one gigantic rear, previous to that spring which would have engulfed him and his victim in the unfathomable depths of Loch Dorch, Lachlan remembered and pronounced aloud the Name of names that was engraved on the breast-plate of the High Priest of Israel. The shrill clarion of the cock was now heard, the demon lost all further power over his victim, and letting him drop with a mighty shudder and a neighing yell, instantly plunged into the Loch, the waters of which, for a long time after, boiled and bubbled as if it were a gigantic huntsman's kettle of the kind in which he dresses the haunch of the red deer in the corrie.

Some people passing that way early in the morning, found Lachlan, bruised and insensible, at the bottom of the Raven's Peak, on a shelf of the rock, at the very edge of the water. They tried to rouse him, and after a short time he opened his eyes, sat up, and said, "Where am I?" and recollecting everything that had passed, he at once exclaimed, in broken accents, "Blessed be *His* name, safe, safe!"

They carried him to Clachan-nan-eno, where he lived for many years, a wiser and a better man, but he never again heard the *Each Uisg* mentioned without devoutly expressing the Name that saved him, and no wonder that neither he, nor any one else, has ventured ever since to sleep a night in the cottage near Rowan-linn.

The gauger, in his weakly state, heard the story throughout without expressing any doubt as to its truthfulness, and felt much relieved to find that poor Lachlan had escaped from the fearful *Each Uisg*. In spite of himself, he began to be less sceptical. Indeed, the simple manner in which the stories were related to him, the genuine warmth of heart and kind treatment bestowed upon him by the simple Highlanders, who themselves thoroughly believed in them, induced him to think that there must be some foundation after all for these extraordinary things. The continued attentions of *Somhairle Dubh* and his kind wife brought the Gauger rapidly round. We soon find him attending to his duties, but making no great attempts to discover the local Still that supplied his kind host with the excellent *Mac na Braiche* which helped not a little to invigorate and bring Gillespie himself additional strength and vigour during the latter weeks of his illness. *Somhairle Dubh*, the gauger, and Hector became fast friends, nor was there ever any of his cloth who was less capable of doing a mean thing in procuring a conviction against his neighbours. He did his duty to his King, without being unnecessarily harsh with those against whom he was obliged to enforce the law. *Beannachd leis.*

(To be Continued.)

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A GOOD AND SPIRITED GAEILIC SONG will be found on another page, composed by Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, to Captain MacRa Chisholm, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), on the occasion of his presiding so successfully and acceptably at the recent annual dinner of the Society. The air and the music are supplied by Wm. Mackenzie, the excellent secretary of the Society.



*Wm Allan*

**WILLIAM ALLAN** was born in Dundee on the 22d November 1837. Son of an engineer, he was himself bred to the profession of engineer. His apprenticeship being finished, it soon became manifest that "Scotland was too small to hold him;" and, like many another renowned Scot, "he set his teeth to the South, and followed the vision that led him on to fortune." But the success that at length crowned his efforts was only achieved after a series of brave and persistent struggles. To select two or

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three points, we find him during the American Rebellion engineer of a blockade runner. His experiences in that capacity were in a high degree startling and exciting. After making several successful runs, the steamer was captured, and Mr Allan and the rest of the hands on board were sent to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington. On effecting his release, he returned to the old country; and we next find him engineer on board the famous "Iona," which foundered in the English Channel. Eleven years ago he became connected with the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Sunderland, in which he is a partner, and of which he is sole manager. The extensive character of these engineering works may be imagined from the fact that they give employment to something like 1000 men. Under Mr Allan's energetic and persevering management the company has flourished in a remarkable manner, and from year to year they turn out engines of first-rate quality, ranging from 60 to 500 horse-power.

Most men with brains live double lives, and that is true of Mr Allan. The rule is to begin with poetry and end with prose; in Mr Allan's case it began with stern prose, and threatens to end with poetry, or with prose relieved by poetry. It is just some six years since, in a happy moment, he discovered almost accidentally that he had another string to his bow—a harp-string. At that time a series of dashing Scotch lyrics and poems began to appear in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, signed "Will o' the Wisp." Although rough and crude, and somewhat Will-o'-the-Wispish, they did not fail to attract attention on account of their freshness and vigour. Who was their author? That was made clear in 1872 by their appearance in a volume under the title of "Rough Castings," by William Allan. One of the funniest things about "Rough Castings" is the fact that an ironfounder sent for a copy of it on the supposition that it related to his profession, and was intensely disgusted to find that it was only a book of songs! Having once begun to sing, Mr Allan could not stop, nor even pause, to take breath. The consequence of his wonderful fertility is that he published another and larger volume of poems and songs in 1874, entitled "Hame-Spun Lilts." In the following year appeared a collection of still greater dimensions, under the characteristic name of "Heather Bells;" and in 1876 he tried his hand at a Highland drama named "Ian Vor." These volumes contain a surprising amount of poetical work. Mr Allan's style is characterised by extreme simplicity and masculine strength. He is not plagued by intellectual subtleties, and he does not aim at literary finicism. His thoughts come without effort; down goes "stumpie in the ink;" and before most poets could have time to think, Allan's song is finished, and off to London, Glasgow, or Inverness. In his poetry he is "a Scot of the Scots." His Doric can be sweet and tender; but it can also thunder like cataracts, and flash like claymores. One word more. Mr Allan's genius is essentially of the lyrical order. Even should his poems cease to be remembered, his songs will linger long and make music in the hearts of his countrymen.

We have copied the above from the *London Scottish Journal*, to whose courteous Editor we are also indebted for the woodcut of Mr Allan's portrait and signature. The Rev. George Gilfillan has kindly supplied us with the following additional remarks:—

In addition to the foregoing statements, I have been requested to say

a few words about my friend, Mr Allan. I regret that want of time, shortness of notice, and enormity of employment will prevent me from writing so fully on the subject as I would otherwise have done. I have been lately very much engaged in considering the works and character of Robert Burns; and I will say that the memory of Mr Allan often occurred to me while I was writing and thinking of Burns. The same hard-headed sagacity and strong-mindedness, blended with so much that is tender and plaintive—the same indomitable independence and untiring industry—the same devotion to his own proper calling, and the same delight in literary and poetic relaxation when the labours of the day are over—the same dramatic inferiority and lyric excellence distinguish both, and both resemble each other in that strong stamp of individuality which marks the self-taught man; as well as a little of that dogmatic self-assertion which is no less certainly his peculiarity. Of course I do not mean to put Mr Allan on the same level with Burns, who was a prodigy and a phenomenon such as Nature does not produce in less than a thousand years; but in the points I have mentioned he is like him, although fallen amidst happier circumstances. I have, on going over Burns' Works recently, been utterly amazed at his diligence in composition. Poetry came from him like perspiration. Give him but a deal table and pen and ink, and a dozen letters pour from him. No song, no supper, seems his motto. He buys every supper with a song. Mr Allan has a great deal of the same facility and necessity of production. We have been assured that he has MSS. by him sufficient for two volumes as large as his "Heather Bells," and that he has burned a cart-load of satires, songs, and verses, the accumulated fruits of six years versifying. He is, and has been, a regular contributor to the *Celtic Magazine*, to the *Glasgow Herald*, to the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *London Scottish Journal*. In all he has written about 450 songs, more than 200 poems, some dozen of his songs have been set to music, and he has done all this in his spare hours in the evening.

I prefer, as I have already hinted, Mr Allan's songs, to his other poems. His genius is essentially lyrical, and some of his very smallest pieces, such as "Shall the Gaelic die?" and "The wee toom Shoon," are among the best; yet his narrative poem in course of publication in the *Celtic Magazine* is written with great fluency and fire, and will, I doubt not, when re-published, be highly popular.

Altogether, as Sir Walter Scott says of Allan Cunningham, "Honest Allan is a credit to Caledonia!" He is an admirable specimen of that class of true-blue Scotchmen whose perseverance, energy, and enterprise carry the name of their country so honourably to the ends of the earth, and who unite a love of literature and a power of song with the other masculine qualities and habits of their *natale-solum*.

Greatly respected as a man in Sunderland, adored by his workmen, having lately reared for himself a grand, solid edifice, which he calls Scotland House, with a wife who is in every way a fit companion, and highly intelligent helpmeet, with a rising fame, and a remunerative and honourable profession. Mr Allan occupies a most enviable position, and that he may long occupy it is the wish of all his friends, among whom I count myself one of the sincerest and most indebted.

DUNDEE, 12th February 1878.

## THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN.

## No. III.

REFERENCE has already been made to Rob Donn's Elegies on Lord Reay and the Earl of Sutherland. It may be of some interest to notice now what were the qualities which won the love of the bard in the case of those who held the golden mean in the social scale of his country.

Of old it has been said that so long as the middle classes of a nation are sound, healthy, high-toned in thought and action, so long the nation is safe and flourishing. Their vigorous vitality is able to absorb, without much harm, a good deal of what is corrupt either in the extreme above, or in the extreme beneath them. If this be true, the peaceful, manly inhabitants of bonnie Strathnaver, of all the other glens of the Reay country were, Rob Donn being witness, in no danger of perishing in their own self-produced decay. A pleasing picture hangs before us in the verses of our bard, in which we see a noble, cultivated, simple, contented, class of men, at home alike in the society of noble and peasant, and bridging by their position the distance between these two. These men, in their honourable pride of birth, in their self-respect, in their independence, in their prejudices, were themselves the natural fruit of the spirit which breathed among the people, and at the same time helped by their presence and example to give stability, visibility, and permanence in living flesh and blood to that spirit. Haughtiness from superior they would not brook; kindly attention to those who clung to them, and were dependent upon them, was their pride and joy. An able writer in the *Gael* says that Rob Donn is comparatively unpopular among southern Celts for the reason, among others, that the heroes of his song were unknown beyond the limits of their own country. That is true, and yet a man who blesses his own parish may be worthy of praise, may be such as to show that only opportunity was awaiting to him to win laurels on a field to which the eyes of an empire are directed. Nor must it be forgotten that not a few sprang from such families who proved themselves not unworthy of higher trusts than could be their lot at home.

But every coin has its reverse side. Rob Donn leaves us no glowing description of a golden age, where no weeds spoilt the garden, where no mud defiled the tinkling brooks of an Arcadian Reay country. Nay, he tells us, as he told themselves, that some of its gentlemen were unworthy of the name—coarse, brutal, offensive, tyrannical, and mean. The poet laid his scourge on these while they were yet alive and able to take revenge, nor did their death prevent him, notwithstanding the venerable adage *de mortuis*, from giving expression, sometimes fierce enough, to the infamy which was their just reward. He would have the living take heed, and so he refused to decorate with immortelles the grave of the unworthy, but rather flung into it the emblems of rottenness and disgrace. To win the homage of the bard, something more was needed than mere abstinence from the seven deadly sins. This could be bestowed only on

those whose life was beneficence, whose death was a painful loss to friends and neighbours. Illustrations are not far to seek.

In the bard's own parish, for example, there lived in a snug house on the neck of land which projects in magnificent boldness into the Atlantic, at the northern angle of the southern shore of the splendid Loch Eriboll, two old bachelors, with plenty of sheep in their folds, and ever so many black cattle on their pasture lands. These brought gold to their chests, but no gladness to the poor. We don't expect laughter in an elegy, but if we turn to that composed on the tacksman brothers of Rispond we shall find that the unexpected does happen—that an elegy may be amusing. These two men were not only united as springing from the same father and mother, but, says the bard, they were one as comrades, one in death which cut their thread almost at the same time, their life in time was one, their cloth was spun from the same wool, their characters were of a piece, and as a suitable conclusion to this unity the two worthies were stretched at the same time in the same grave! But this unity was a unity in meanness, a unity in hoarding, but not in dispensing, and so their memory is held up to ridicule by the poet, and becomes a text from which, by contrast, a nobler view of life is poetically enforced. Not even Horace himself is happier in describing the rich miser, whose gold might have been still in the mine, for any good it does its owner, or any other, than is Rob Donn in summing up the character of the outwardly decent, but selfish, masters of Rispond. "They never," says he, "to the knowledge of others, did anything immoral, but they were innocent of anything like grace, but were begotten, born, bred, and grew! The world held them for a time, and then death came and took them!" As a characteristic of the practical tendencies of Rob Donn's poetry, notice that he passes from his humorous description of the greedy heroes of Rispond to point out the absurdity of living for unused gold, of sacrificing comfort and beneficence to this graceless idol. In the moral which he preaches from the story which moves his muse, the poet shows us that there was not only poetry but far-reaching speculation actively at work behind those piercing eyes of his. He, too, had his thoughts on the ways of God to man. In particular, he came to the conclusion that poverty was due to the wise arrangement of the God of all. But why? The answer of the bard will not satisfy either the revolutionary, liberty, fraternity, equality dreamers, nor yet the over righteous, cast-iron supply and demand philosophers. It is that poverty exists for the good of the rich, for keeping alive their humanity, for developing within, and training to perfection the power to guide, instruct, comfort, and elevate their struggling brethren.

Let us follow for a moment the muse of Rob Donn as he deals out poetic justice to the memory of one who not only was grasping, like the men of Rispond, but who, unlike them, grasped by foul means. The scene in this case is placed at Rogart. The hero is a Robert, who was a substantial tacksman in that attractive region of hill and dale. Poor Robert finished the journey of time far away from home. His career was cut short somewhere in Perthshire, and though the sad news brought tears to the eyes of many from Cape Wrath to Dornoch, yet these tears were not the tears of the good, but of villains who had lost their guide, counsellor, and friend! We would fain hope that the unfortunate Grey

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was not altogether so wicked as the savage lines of the poet make him out to be. Indignation truly makes the verse here. The poet avows that he strikes the guilty with delight, and repudiates the wish to persecute a gentleman. I suppose he means us to understand that his muse will not resign her freedom to the accident of her subjects being dead or alive. Anyhow, Grey's virtue did not entitle him to honour when he was in the flesh, and could not protect him when only his memory walked the earth. The concentrated bitterness of this satirical elegy might lead a German critic to argue that the poet was not merely castigating a bad man, but a man whose roguery had made a successful assault upon himself—had "done" him in the practical matters of trade in black cattle. Be that as it may, let us glance at the way in which this poor shade, erst of Rogart, is exposed in *terrorum* of all liars and crafty villains. Our Exchanges in the present day might be none the worse were there one or two Rob Donn's in their vicinity, able and willing to turn their angry light and pungent ridicule on some ugly deeds which find a home under their splendid ceilings. "Every villain," says the poet in effect, "in the two counties wears to-day a gloomy countenance because of the message which has come from Perth. Their chief is dead. Clothed in the lying colours of truth, no right man ever put any faith in his word, even to a syllable, just as he himself never believed one word from the Almighty. Death is strong, but never gave such proof of his prowess as he did when at a stroke he laid Rogart in the dust. Satan, too, refuses to be comforted, and no wonder, even tho' his servant is now with himself, for as yet he has found no one worthy to be his successor! It is an old story that death is a messenger of gloom; but some to whom he was disgusting regard him now with a measure of kindly feeling. Indeed, the men of Caithness and Sutherland think they cannot praise death sufficiently for being the first to cheat the man who cheated others by the hundred. Let small and great, old and young, pay good heed to death, especially if the paw be full of prey and of wealth, for he comes as a thief, will surprise even at the festive table, and who can cheat him who cheated the Captain of the rogues. Devils and scoundrels in flesh and blood wanted to choose the most potent hypocrite, the best in wiles, deceit, and fraud, the neatest in polishing a lie. Satan, the oldest judge in that line, with a world wide experience, decided that such a man could not be found, unless among the Greys!!"

The poet, however, qualifies this savage attack on the whole race of the Greys, by making an exception in favour of Captain Grey, who had the honour of being rejected by the Father of Lies as unworthy to take the place of his departed namesake. He takes care to add, however, that the nobility of mind, and outspoken manliness which disqualified him for the vacant office of Captain of Liars were not his own by nature as a Grey, but were acquired from his happy connection by marriage with the Munroes. The poem concludes with a parting shot to individual Greys. The Captain's brother has vice enough to entitle him to the vacant leadership, but he is too young to receive its honours, but when his friend at Creich goes, then his time will have come!

This poem, as might have been expected, brought a nest of hornets about its author's head. The Greys showed some fight, and were not

without some formidable allies. Satire was revenged with satire. There were plenty poets in the land, and though their lesser light has been extinguished in the glory of the Reay Bard, they were by no means contemptible. One of these espoused the cause of the Greys, and ran a poetic lance through our poet's character and poetry. That his name was Rob the Brave was no cause of terror to the greater Rob. He was delighted at the new chance given to his faculty for satire. At once he pours forth a torrent of abuse on his brother poet, dwelling with shameful gusto on physical peculiarities. In his rage he withdraws some concessions formerly made to the good qualities of Captain Grey, and now declares that his marriage into a truly noble family did not secure for him its distinguished virtues—that in character each remains separate. The neatest verse in the poem is a description of Rob as one who would make a good priest for a man without religion; a good secretary for a circumventing knave; a steward for a merciless oppressing family; a tutor for the children of the barren!! With an expression of sincere regret that time has not dealt more kindly by the whitewasher of the Greys, so detestable to Rob Donn, that the other side of the question might be heard, we bid a peaceful adieu to the memory of those for whom our bard had nothing but war, and pass on to a serener atmosphere.

The next Elegy we shall glance at is intensely interesting, not only for the soft beauty of its poetry, but for the nature of its contents. The poet celebrates the virtues of one of the middle class ladies of his own day and country. Her name is Eliza Sutherland. Intelligence, morality, religion, must have prevailed among a people which produced a woman like her, and a bard capable, though technically illiterate, of appreciating her worth, and of embalming her fame in such strains as these. There is nothing mean, vulgar, or ostentatious, either in the subject of the Elegy, nor yet in the style and thought of the Elegy itself. We rise from the perusal of it, grateful to the poet for letting us see that culture, refinement, winning manners, are older than shooting boxes, colossal fortunes, and the march of intellect. Particularly pleasing is the revelation it makes of the influence wielded by the gentlewomen, to use a good old word, whom our bard knew, of the deep and tender reverence, freely rendered to them. If we turn to the Elegy, we discover the secret of their gentle power, the qualities in detail which won for them honour and affection. They found a fit home for themselves in the person of the wife of the tacksman of *Ravin*. The poet sings with a soft, subdued note the praises of that beautiful home. Elizabeth's history and character evidently made a deep impression upon his mind. He was, besides, admitted to her circle. He found in her no ordinary woman, and he describes what he saw with a firm, gentle hand. He would, if possible, keep alive her fame, not so much for her sake as for the sake of those still alive, in order to stir them up to emulate her goodness. Rob Donn had no sympathy with those who say that men owe nothing to their ancestry, as he dwells with delight on her fortune in being of a good family. He is ever proud of the present, in so far as it is linked to the past, grows out of it, and in its own life preserves what had accumulated in the traditions of family and clan. For this reason he loves to see in the moral beauty and personal attractions of the subject of his poem a fair copy of what had adorned in times

past the lives of a long line of ancestors on either side. To be interested in the past, as the poet was, is to be careful of the future—careful that the inheritance received shall be transmitted without dishonour to those who shall come after. This honour, too, was due to the memory of his departed friend. She had left behind her children who, unless their noon would belie the bright signs of their morning, would not disgrace the pure blood in their veins. Surely we may fearlessly say, that the singing of such sentiments in their hearing, as the bard tells us would be done by the bereaved husband, should greatly help to bring about a realisation of the bard's anticipations.

Rob Donn lays much more stress upon beauty of character, than upon beauty of person. The moral attracts him more than the sensuous. He cares little for elaborate painting in colours taken from the external. This may account for what his masterly critic in the *Gael* says of the comparative *unmusicalness* of his lines. Fine metaphors, subtle and melodious combinations of sound, gave him no concern. Neatness, brevity, point, antithesis, were his delight, and in these he need fear no comparison. Thus he disposes of the external attractions of his heroine in a line or two, and he does so by saying that these in their various forms, were such that they needed no mention from him. Such is not the manner of many other Gaelic poets, who are not unfrequently minute to trifling in their description of the external, though that habit, when at its best, has given a richness of colour, a fulness of style, a wealth of melody, to their poems, to which Rob Donn can lay no claim. In the poem before us, Donn is true to his genius. He would have a picture of the Lady of Raoin placed in the chamber of every young wife—a written picture of her actions, her speech, her understanding, her piety. He could not *write* such a picture, but he could, and did, reduce it to speech, if the mixed metaphor be forgiven. In doing so, he takes care that the virtues he describes are not lost sight of in the gorgeousness of the terms in which they are clothed. We may give a short sample in bold prose of some of the graces which adorned the “daughter of the Laird of Langwell.” “Thy good breeding gave thee mildness and courtesy in the society of lowly Gaels; thy rich culture introduced thee to the highest English society; thy bearing was dignified in every company—whether it was haughty or genial; thy countenance beamed in presence of one who bore the seal of a religious spirit. . . . Thy hands were deft; thine intellect was keen, for nature and culture met both together there.” There are ladies still in the land of the Reays who might be described in the very same terms, at home, in cottage, and hall, with Gaelic for the one, and English for the other. The more is the pity that there are others who affect the foolish pride of thinking the language of Rob Donn beneath their notice.

KINBRACE.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—First article on Ian MacCodrum received, and will appear in an early issue.

## THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

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THE following letter appeared in *The Inverness Courier*; and afterwards in *The Highlander*, *The Inverness Advertiser*, *The London Scottish Journal*, and *The Ross-shire Journal*:—

*Celtic Magazine Office, Inverness, Feb. 4, 1878.*

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to appeal, through your widely circulated paper, to the admirers of the language and literature of the Gael at home and abroad, for their aid in erecting a decent monument to one to whom we all owe so much. If he had done nothing else than to collect the materials for, and compile "*The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*," he would have deserved this at the hands of his Gaelic countrymen; but he has done much more: he has written, or translated, over thirty volumes of poetry and prose—secular and religious—many of which his countrymen daily peruse in their Gaelic vernacular, without having the slightest idea to whom they are indebted for placing these within their reach in their own language.

The monument is already ordered—a granite obelisk, 12 feet 6 inches high, on which it is intended to place an inscription in Gaelic and English—and will be ready in July next. In addition to this it would be most agreeable to place a slab at the head of his grave in the ruined old chapel in which he is buried, and in which it is impossible to erect the monument itself. At present there is nothing to indicate his last resting-place. This is a positive shame; but I feel sure that it only wants to be known to be at once rectified by his many admirers. A sum of about £50 has been already promised, but a few pounds more are necessary to enable us to carry out the proposed monument *and tablet*. The Gaelic Society of Inverness has collected about £10 among its members. Could not other Celtic societies do themselves the honour to follow the example?

The following extract from a letter just received from Evan M'Coll, the Bard of Loch-Fyne, is, I trust, sufficiently interesting to secure a place in your columns; and at the same time to rouse the interest of Highlanders in this movement. Mr M'Coll writes from Kingston, Canada:—"From a few words in your letter of last May, in reference to your relative, John Mackenzie, of '*The Beauties*,' and the monument about to be erected in commemoration of his achievements as a Celtic writer, I would infer that you think John and myself were not personally known to one another. Unknown indeed! Why, my dear sir, John and I have eaten at the same table and slept in the same bed hundreds of times between the winter of 1835 and the spring of 1839, at which latter date I left Scotland for Liverpool, never again to meet with him in this life. We, however, continued to occasionally exchange letters up to within a year or two of his death. It was in the town of Greenock that we first met each other, and that at

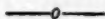
the hospitable evening fireside of a most estimable friend of mine, and his too—Hugh Fraser, a citizen of Inverness, although at that time resident in Greenock, where he did business as a bookseller. Many a time have I listened, under Mr Fraser's roof, to our friend's favourite *Feadan* (chanter)—that inseparable companion of his, that often afterwards helped to chase dull care away from us both, when together in Glasgow 'cultivating literature on a little oatmeal.' Poor John! when I think of all the privations he endured in pursuit of his favourite object—the cold shoulder so often given to him by men who, if he were now living, would be proud to call him their friend—I may well admire the perseverance which enabled him eventually to make himself 'a name which the world will not willingly let die.' His works are his best monument, and yet I cannot help honouring you for your efforts to have his last resting-place marked by a memorial cairn worthy of so genuine a Gael; and as it would be very ungracious in me not to fling a stone in among the rest, I purpose sending you a guinea towards the general fund."

Trusting that others will follow such a good example and intimate their subscriptions to the honorary treasurer, Alex. Fraser, Esq., Drummond Estate Offices, 16 Union Street, Inverness; or to yourself, perhaps, sir, for John Mackenzie had, early in his career, an engagement on the *Courier*.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

**TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.**—The patriotic member for the Inverness burghs, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, who has made this question peculiarly his own, and been busy in season and out of season forcing its attention at headquarters, has at length been successful in securing some recognition of its claims from the Education Department. His motion on the subject was fixed for Tuesday the 19th ult. in the House of Commons, when he had made every arrangement to secure influential support from hon. members in the House, but at the last moment it was announced that Lord Sandon and the Lord Advocate could not attend owing to indisposition, and that the discussion would have to be further delayed. This looked apparently fatal to the cause, but Mr Fraser-Mackintosh set to work, and after much correspondence and an interview with Sir F. Sandford, the Education Department has agreed, on his representation, to recognise Gaelic in the Code of 1878 to the extent of permitting it to be taught at least two hours a week, and to be utilised as a means of instruction in other branches. In this way the permitted time will be paid by Government grant, and the school funds may be applied in special payment to teachers. As these alterations met to some extent the object of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's resolution, he has thought it advisable to accept them and to wait their effect before again moving in the matter. A number of petitions in favour of teaching Gaelic in the schools have been presented from various parts of the Highlands by School Boards and others, among the rest from parishioners of Tarbat, the Glasgow Highland Association, Glasgow Sutherland Association, Helensburgh Highland Association, Gaelic Society of Glasgow, Gaelic Society of Edinburgh, School Board of Tyree, parishioners of Barvas, parishioners of Mey, School Boards of Killearnan, of Boleskine and Abertarf, of Latheron, of Clyne; School Boards and parishioners of Assynt and of Contin; parishioners of Shieldaig, of Kilmuir, and of Stenschoil, Isle of Skye; South Ballachulish, and Glencoe, Gairloch, and Kilcalmenell; Gaelic Societies of Inverness and London, Ossian Lodge of Good Templars, Glasgow; and office-bearers of the Free Church, Portree.

WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, ON  
GAELIC LITERATURE AND THE CELTIC CHAIR.



At our request, Mr Jolly has considerably expanded the remarks he made on these subjects, at the recent annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, so as to give fuller expression to his opinions in regard to them than was possible in an after-dinner speech. The paper will be found, as it now stands, a most valuable contribution to the discussion on the desirability of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, and is exceedingly well timed.

When Mr Jolly rose to propose the toast of "Celtic Literature and the Celtic Chair," he was received with loud applause. He said the toast he had to submit to them was one he had particular pleasure in proposing, as he would endeavour to remove certain misapprehensions regarding the subjects included in it, speaking as a Saxon to Saxons, and mayhap to not a few Celts. He continued :—

It is not unfrequently asked, in real sincerity, Is there a Gaelic Literature other than the doubtful Ossian? Certainly, and a rich and good one. That has been shown to some extent in Gray's specimens from the Welsh bards; by Matthew Arnold, when, in Oxford, he opened up in some measure this unknown field; by Pattison, in his translations from the Gaelic poets; but it has been proved beyond cavil or question, by our chief, Professor Blackie, in his brilliant sketch of that literature, and his more brilliant examples of its power and pathos. That one book is a sufficient answer to the question, an answer so good that it has taken our literateurs by surprise, and caused astonishment to the *Times*—that here, for generations, we have been neglecting and despising, with English self-sufficiency, a rich fountain of song, a mine of poetic wealth, at our very door. Henceforth, no history of British literature will be complete that does not include a Celtic chapter, merely as a statement of fact, if for no higher poetical, literary, or national reasons. I remember well when first I was introduced to this fountain of lyric fire and feeling, many years ago, away at the back of Schiehallion—when a Gaelic friend and myself, after ascending the great mountain cone, found a selection of Gaelic poetry in English, in Rogers' work, in an empty shepherd's sheiling at the foot of the mountain, along with the Bible, and Madeleine Smith's trial! There we sat and read Dugald Buchanan's *Last Day* and other pieces; and there I first got a glimpse into a vista of real poetry—in that lone Highland glen, a fitting place for a first experience of a literature that mirrors the grand, the sublime, the solitary, and the beautiful, among the wild glens and bens of the north. Since then, I have gone into the subject, and it is my simple conviction that it is a poetry and a literature



of remarkable power, high poetic fervour, wide sweep of emotional range—a proud possession for any people to have; which, as a nation, we have done ourselves an injury to have neglected. I am sure that this will be the opinion of all who study the subject, and this I assert, without fear of gainsaying.

The lyric fire burns in the heart of the Highland people, and poets amongst them are sown as wide as their native heather, and as much the native product of the mountains. Gaelic poets are so numerous, that a Highlander could challenge any one to name a district, almost a glen, in which, and of which, a poet has not sung. If we were even merely to *enumerate* the sons of song, from the Bard of Loch Fyne and Alister Macdonald in the south-west; to William Ross, the Gaelic Burns; and the sarcastic and clever Rob Donn in the north, who lies by his monument, in the old churchyard near Cape Wrath; and west to Mary Macleod at Dunvegan and MacCodrum in the Machars of North Uist, who rests near the hamlet of Houghary, under the rough gneiss flag, which Professor Blackie and I religiously visited: we should have a list surprisingly extended and honourable, which few peoples could show, in the same narrow and rugged territory.

The character of the poetry itself is also of no common order. It touches, delicately and powerfully, most strings of the human heart—from death and the battle ode, through fierce and terrible vengeance, manly independence, proud scorn, deepest sorrow, sarcastic and sparkling humour, to the sweetest feelings of home and country and nature, and the tenderest utterances of dearest love. Then its descriptions of nature antedated and anticipated Wordsworth and Burns and the modern naturalistic school by many a year. Witness the careful and beautiful delineations of the varied phases of nature, in the immortal poem of Ben Doran, and many more; the lovingly minute observations of natural scenes, wild animals, notably the graceful deer, and native flowers.

But poetry does not exhaust the wealth of the literature. There is strong and capital prose, of which the excellent *Teachdaire*, with its fine humour, powerful delineation of character, first-rate style, and high tone, is an excellent example. Look also at the floating song and proverb and story still existing among the people—a people in this respect both ancient and modern—which have been gathered, in part, in the four volumes of Campbell of Islay, which appear in the Celtic Magazines, and of which our good friend, Mr Carmichael, in Benbecula, has such a store, and to which he is constantly adding.

It is the knowledge of all this, amongst other things, that makes me contend for the need and wisdom of teaching Highland children, before leaving school, this rich educative literature. We require to rise above the bare utilitarianism of the three R's, to the greater functions of education—those of the higher intellect and heart; and these cannot be trained in any people except through their native tongue, the language of home, the fireside, and the field, and of the thousand memories of childhood and youth, the language of love and devotion—the only medium, therefore, of the culture of the heart and higher nature. This is a function of education which requires to be more realised than it is, and which Professor Blackie does well so strongly and so constantly to press on public attention, even that of the

Highlanders themselves. There is no doubt that Allan Cunningham speaks the truth felt by the universal human heart, when he says, "I cannot feel my heart's-blood coming warm, and my soul leaping to my lips, in any other music than that of my native country;" and the same is true of its literature, especially of its lyrical poetry, "the beauteous alliance of words with music" as he calls it. And where there is a literature in the native tongue of such power for such ends as exists in Gaelic, it is an educational and a national mistake to ignore it, as too many Highlanders themselves do. Not a Highland child should leave school, without being at least introduced to this wonderful source of enjoyment, and means of higher culture; just as no English child should leave school, without some possession of a similar kind in English literature: and, with *both* languages well taught, what a fine prospect Highland children might have, with access to the riches of both languages!

But there is a higher aspect of the question of teaching Highland children to read their native tongue. Is it not a vital loss, and a source of gravest regret, that any Highland man or woman should be found—as they are unhappily too often found—unable to read the words of the Sacred Volume, the source of their devotion and deeper feelings, and of the breathings of their souls in daily prayer? Surely no one, however utilitarian or anti-Celtic, will deny the advantage, nay, the imperative need, of every one being able to read the language of his pious aspirations, and the Book in which his highest hopes are centred, the language round which play the thousand hallowed memories and emotions that belong only to the tongue of early devotion and childish prayer. The Gaelic is the language of the Bible and the religious life of the Gaelic people, and the cry that Gaelic should not be taught means the shutting out of thousands from the possibility of using and knowing these with any intelligence.

Do let opponents of Gaelic observe that the question of teaching Gaelic, *while it is a spoken language*, is altogether apart from the question of the desirability of the extinction of Gaelic, for national or progressive purposes. This extinction might be, and would be, an advantage to the people in many ways which we cannot here speak of, as an integral portion of a great nation with a common life and daily literature. But that is not the point. Gaelic *is* the daily language of half-a-million people, and, *while it exists*, its higher educative power should be acknowledged and used. "The posies of our fathers and mothers it is not seemly to let wither!"

To do otherwise is a practical and educational mistake. Here, again, certain distinctions require to be made. In pleading for the teaching of Gaelic, I do not mean that English should be less taught than it is: English will be, and should be, taught as the language of the country, current thought, general intercourse, and national life. Being a foreign tongue to the Gaelic speakers, it requires as much time given to it from the first as possible, to gain any intelligent or practical power over it. I am glad the general Highland mind is what I consider sound on this question, and that only a very few contend for the educational heresy of beginning with the reading of Gaelic, a notion that has roused even sensible people against the *whole* subject, and made them condemn a good

thing on account of an ultra-enthusiastic advocacy of it. Use Gaelic as it should be used, to train the intelligence all through, *and there is no other way*; teach the child to read it, when he has gained a fluent reading power; introduce him then to his rich native literature, and through that natural medium, *and it is the only one*, thrill his soul with high poesy, fervid emotion, and the practical wisdom of his race; accustom him also to know the literature of the richer English speech, and, gain increased cultivation from its noble stores; and you follow nature, make use of a living lingual instrument of the highest power over the man, and give him the possibilities of higher education and a generous culture.

All this can easily be done, with a little practical knowledge of education, and it is to be hoped that our educational legislators will be enlightened enough, and patriotic enough, to help it. The demand is not a great one, to ask Gaelic to be made a *special subject*, like other languages, dead and living. But whether this is conceded or not, it becomes the Highland people, and friends of the Highlands, to do something themselves in order to secure greater justice to the native tongue and literature. Why wait for external Saxon help, if the thing is so dear to them? Let them talk less about it and do more for it!

As to the Celtic Chair, that requires no commendation from me in such an assembly, or indeed for that matter in any gathering of Englishmen. It is now a great and an accomplished fact; and who could have done it but our redoubtable, enthusiastic, practical, poetical, broad-hearted, and high-toned Chief himself? Professor Blackie is not the mere impracticable enthusiast he is too often thought to be. He knows where he stands in this matter, as well and as clearly and practically as the hardest and driest among his critics. The Chair has been confounded and mixed up with many little questions, that have obscured its meaning and purpose. It has no relation to the question of the life or death of the tongue, which it will not accelerate or retard one single hour; it seeks to recognise a great factor in European speech, a wonderful philological instrument, as has been done in Germany, Wales, and Oxford; it wishes, while Gaelic is a living speech, to make it better understood, especially by those who have to use it in teaching and preaching; and it will help to gather, ere they perish, the still existing rare fragments of folk-lore and ancient thought and feeling, so as to be permanently preserved.

I beg to couple with the toast the names of Mr Murdoch, of the *Highlander*—a true Highlandman, with high, out-spoken, honest purpose, working well to rouse his people to real self-help and independence—and Mr Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, who has proved that Celtic subjects can pay even in the market; is rousing in the country an interest in Highland history and literature and in the more difficult problems affecting the Highland people, and has had the honour of starting the recent interest and inquiry into the vital subject of Highland crofts, which we all only wish will issue in the good of an over-humble and too submissive people.

[It will be observed, by reference to another page, that the principle of paying for teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools has been conceded by the Government.—Ed. C. M.]

LITERARY FAME!—OUR GAELIC DICTIONARIES. —There are peculiar facts connected with the history of our standard Gaelic Dictionaries which deserve to be better known. Macleod and Dewar's was entirely compiled by the Macfarlanes (father and son) of Glasgow; and the late Mr Macphun, the well-known publisher, for whom the work was got up, to secure the Dictionary a literary status and rapid sale, offered "Tormod Og" and Dr Dewar £100 each for the mere use of their names on the title-page. These gentlemen accepted the bribe, and robbed the Macfarlanes of their well-merited reputation; although it is well known that the Rev. Norman, of "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*" celebrity, was not a Gaelic Scholar—could only spell the language phonetically. And the Macfarlanes not only compiled the Dictionary, but also did the main part of the work of the "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*," for which our enthusiastic Celtic apostle, Professor Blackie, heaps so much posthumous laudation on the famous Norman, altogether ignoring his more deserving lieutenants. Armstrong's Dictionary, which is considered by competent judges to be the best, is mainly the work of another. We have been informed by a fellow-student of Dr Armstrong's that it was almost entirely got up by the famous Celtic scholar, Ewen Maclachlan, who was Rector of Aberdeen Grammar School when young Armstrong and our informant were students at the University. The future Doctor at this time had no Gaelic, but was beginning to study it, and discovering that Ewen Maclachlan had a MS. Dictionary—who was then, as he continued through life, in straitened circumstances—he offered him a small sum for it, which Maclachlan accepted. Armstrong made enquiries, and secured the aid of other Celtic scholars throughout the country; made additions and alterations; issued his Dictionary: and ultimately became famous on the strength of Maclachlan's scholarship. The Highland Society's Dictionary is also mainly the work of the same distinguished scholar, who brought it down, if we remember correctly, before his death to the letter O. A special part of the design—learned derivations from the Hebrew, and comparisons with other languages, had to a great extent to be given up, as no one could be found at the time capable of continuing the work in keeping with Maclachlan's original plan. It was finally entrusted to the Rev. Dr Macdonald, Comrie, and the late Dr Mackintosh Mackay, who was then schoolmaster at Portree. They, to a great extent, dispensed with Maclachlan's learned disquisitions, and completed the work as we now have it. Macalpine's Dictionary, though called after his name, is only his in part—the Gaelic-English. The English-Gaelic is entirely the work of the late John Mackenzie, Inverewe, the compiler and editor of "*The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*." A peculiarity of this work is a preface by the latter to the Gaelic-English part, in which Macalpine's work is severely criticised. Such is the way by which some people become distinguished in literature—by appropriating the brains and the works of their less fortunate contemporaries.

## ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN SIOSAL, FEAR ALLT-NA-GLAISLIG.

*With spirit.*

O Ghaidh-cil, a's ciat - aich, do bhliadh - na mbath ur,

Ged chosg - adh i'n t-or dhomh gu'n ol - ainn le sunad;

A Phìob - air' an fhead - ain, fhìr lead - an - aich dhuinn,

'S tu fein' chuir led' sheann - sair gu damh - sa na suinn.

## KEY F.

:1,		1, :-s,	:1,		d :-r :m		s :-l :s		s :-
:s		1 :-t	:1		1 :-s :m		r :-m :r		d :-
:d		d' :-t	:1		1 :-s :m		r :-m :s		1 :-
:1,		1, :-s,	:1,		d :-r :m		r :-d :1,		1, :-

Bu shiubhlach an ribheid, 's bu mhillis an gleus  
 A's b' fhileant' na meoir 'thug an ceol a bha reidh;  
 Gu'm b' uabhair an aigne 'bh'aig gaisgeach mo ghaoil,  
 'S bu rioghail an Gaidheal mac aillidh nan laoch.

O Shìosalach ghasda, 's ceann-feachd thu le buaidh,  
 Sar shaighdear gun ghealtachd gun mheatachd dhuit dual;  
 Thu shìol nam fear calm' agus dhearbhu thu do choir  
 Air gulan ard ainm agus meamna do sheorsa.

'S i 'n deise bu mbiann leat, an deise bu dual,  
 An deise 'bha gradbach le armuinn do shluaigh;  
 Cha bi 'bhriogais lachdunn a thaitineadh ribh  
 Ach feile cruinn socair an cogadh 'san aith.

O Fhìr Allt-na-glaislig gur math thig dhut fhein  
 A' bhoineid 's am breacan aig clachan no feill,  
 Am feile beag cuachaiche 's do shuicheantas ard,  
 'S do leugan a' boillsgeadh mar dhaoimean gu h-aillt'!

A lasgaire chistaich 's tu 's fhachail' 's gach cuis,  
 Tha seirce agus maise a' lasadh na d' ghnus;  
 O c'ait an robh cuachag 'measg ghrusagach na tìr  
 Nach rachadh am fuadach leat, uasail mo chridh'!

'S tu sealgair an fheidh agus sealgair an eoin,  
 'S tu sealgair na h-eal' agus sealgair a' gheoidh,  
 Le d' ghnunna neo-chearbach 's tu dh' fhalbhadh an fhrith,  
 'Sa shiubhladh an fhuar-bheinn air cruaidhead na sìon'.

De mhiann 'bhi 'sa' chreachan 'sam faighte 'n damh donn—  
Ged 's luthor e 'leum bithidh e reubt' air an fhonn  
'Nuair 'chuireas tu 'n cuilbhear gu cuimseach ri d' shuil  
'S a shradas gu buadhòr do luaidhe ma 'chul.

A Phìobair' an fheadain, ged 's beadarach bian  
'Bhi d' eisdheachd 'an seomar 'a am ceol bhi ga sheinn,  
Tha d' aigne cho ard ann an ar-fhaich nan tuagh,  
'S an taobh air am bi thu gur cinnteach dha buaidh.

O ard biodh do bhratach a's tartrach do phìob  
Fhìr labhairt na Gailig gu manranach binu;  
Tha m' earbsa, 'fhìr chalma, a d' ainm 'bhi ga ghairm  
Le cliu mar as coir dha, na d' choirneil air airm.

O 's rioghail an Gaidheal thu, ghraidh nam fear treun',  
'Se caismeachd do phìoba 'chuir m' inntinn gu gleus,  
Thu leantuinn seann dualchas nam fuar bheannaibh fraoich—  
An tìr ghlan a b' abhaist 'bhi 'g arach nan laoch !

A mhor Ghaidheil chiatiaich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,  
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomb, gu'n clainn le suand;  
A phìobair' an fheadain, fhìr leadanaich dhuinn  
'S tu fhein 'chuir le d' sheannsair gu damhsa na suinn !

NOTE.—It is not necessary to say a word in praise of the above. The air is old and deservedly popular. The words are the composition of Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and are in praise of Capt. Archibald MacRae Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass, who discharged the duties of chairman with so much success at the last dinner of the Society; and their merit augurs well for their future popularity. As an illustration of his thoroughly Highland spirit, it may be stated that when asked for a song, the gallant Captain responded by saying he would give them "a song on the bagpipes." Then taking a *piob-mhor*, which belonged to the last Marquis of Seaforth, he played, in excellent style, several tunes, which had the effect of creating so much genuine Highland enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed anywhere. Again, when the programme was finished, the Captain took his pipes to play a parting tune, and as soul-stirring did the music prove, to quote the words of the *Highlander*, "that the table which stood in the middle of the hall seemed to be whisked to a side, as if by magic, and a party of nimble Celts were irresistibly drawn into the mazes of the Reel of Tulloch, which closed the proceedings." Suffice it to say that when the Bard read the account of the proceedings in the newspapers, the muse had to find expression in the above song.  
—WM. MACKENZIE.

## A SLUMBERING FAIR.

BY EVAN MACCOLL.

Hush! wild birds, hush yoursongs! Be still,  
My throbbing heart, for pity's sake!  
I fear me thy wild beating will  
On Mary's rosy slumbers break.

Such sacred calm surrounds her bower—  
So rich the balm its blooms dispense,  
I marvel not my fairer flower  
Thus sleeps the sleep of innocence.

She dreams, methinks. Ah! can it be  
The vision of some chaste embrace  
That causeth that warm blush I see  
Quick-crimsoning her neck and face?

My beautiful, my darling one!  
How gladly round thy neck I'd throw  
My arms, save that no mortal man  
Seems pure enough to touch its snow!

Those lips of Phidian curve divine,  
That bosom, too, soft-heaving nigh,  
Once, only once, to press to mine,  
Methinks that I could gladly die!

Cease, cease, my heart, so vain a thought;  
Here but to breathe on her would be  
A sin 'gainst her and heaven, I wot,—  
So pure, so holy seemeth she.